

MANY WOMEN ON FARMS ARE NOW MAKING RUGS

Crazy Quilt Work Also Helps Materially to Increase Family Incomes.

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WIFE "CHASES" HUSBAND HALF-WAY AROUND WORLD



Mevrouw Billy Van der Horst is planning to wonder whether her husband will be much changed by the time that the lock of the sea allows them to meet again.

Halfway around the world she has traveled—only to miss him by one day and now she must wait at San Francisco until Captain Van der Horst's steamer, the Simmeer, returns from Balavia, within a few weeks.

Mevrouw Van der Horst's troubles started when she sailed from the Oriskany to St. President Grant thinking that the vessel was to dock at San Francisco.

RUSE TO KEEP HUSBAND

German Woman Tells Story of Kidnapping in Vain.

In a fearful confession Frau Hermine Schults of Colorado told the police that the mysterious kidnapping story upon which they have been working for a month was the result of her ruse to make her husband love her.

First Adam for Eden She Built

Mrs. Lillian G. Mills a year ago began to build her own home at Lake Okauch, Pa., determined to show that man was unnecessary for the making of a home.

The compression of a car should be watched by occasionally turning off around spark plugs, valve and relief valves, as well as around the motor of the removable

THE BURGLAR

By LILLIAN M. DELANEY

Robert Weston hurried up the gravel path to his pretty suburban home, entered the front hall and eagerly shouted:

"Betty! Oh, Betty! Where are you?" From the recesses of the kitchen Betty called: "Yoo-hoo, Bob!" and flushed and disheveled from her ordinary efforts, emerged into the hallway to throw floury hands and arms about her husband's neck.

"What's wrong, Bob?" she asked in alarm, for it was only 2 in the afternoon and he never got home before 6:15 in the evening.

"Got to go to Chicago tonight, Betty," said Bob, gently. "I hate to leave you, dear, but it can't be helped. Winters is sick, and there's no one else we can send. I'll have to be away a week. Isn't there someone you could ask to come and stay with you?"

A hasty luncheon, the hurried packing of his grip, a thousand and one parting admonitions, then Betty watched from the window as he started for the train.

About 6 o'clock that evening as she sat languidly eating a lonely meal, the clock on the kitchen mantel suddenly burst into action. It was an alarm-clock set in a curved oak frame, and used only as a timepiece. Betty had never heard it ring before. She stood, almost petrified with fright. She was not superstitious, but—? She recalled old tales of signs and warnings. This was the time Bob was to start for the West!

After dinner she read a short time, then, feeling too lonely and nervous to stay any longer in the living room, she decided to go to bed.

In spite of her loneliness, sleep came quickly. It seemed hours later when something awakened her, and listening, she heard something strike the window-pane. Again and again the noise was repeated, then, as she cautiously got out of bed and peeped through the draperies she saw a man out on the lawn take off coat and hat and shoes. A burglar! Oh, what should she do? "If Bob were here!"

Then she thought of the alarm clock which had given her such a fright at dinner. "Hiding keys" and noiselessly, downstairs, she at last located the clock in the dark kitchen and hurried back upstairs with it.

As she reached the door of her room she saw the head and shoulders of the burglar just above the veranda roof outside the window. Now he had pulled himself up and was crawling along the roof toward the window.

"It was dreadfully dark, but she felt for the controlling lever of the alarm clock and raised it. Not a sound, of course—not! It was set at 6 for that was the time it had gone off. Nervously she felt for the knob with which to turn the alarm hand. The handle, one was for the time, the upper one for the alarm. She remembered nothing that earlier in the evening.

Just as the man reached the window and had put his foot over the sill she turned the alarm hand and the bell rang out fendishly on the still night air.

"Betty, Betty! Good heavens, what is it?" she heard Bob say, as her terrified shrieks added to the tumult made by the clock. The electric light flashed, and there stood her husband beneath the light, minus hat, coat and shoes. Seizing the clock from her hands, he quickly silenced it. Then he caught her to his breast, while she clung to him and sobbed with relief.

"Good, but you're a sound sleeper, Betty. That thing that the bell must be out of order. Couldn't get a sound out of the doorbell, and I've been throwing pebbles at the window till my arm is stiff. Winters decided he was well enough to make the trip after all, so I beat it home as soon as I finished up some work he asked me to do for him at the office. I concluded you had gone somewhere for the week, when I couldn't get any answer to my signals, and as the window was open, I climbed up to get in."

"What time is it, Bob? Isn't it almost morning?"

"No, only 9:30," said Bob, after glancing at the clock. "I've been since 8:30 trying to get in. Oh, say, Betty, did you hear my 'good-by' at 6 o'clock? I set the alarm so it would ring as the train pulled out, but I'm glad I didn't have to go after all. Betty, you're a brick! Who but you would think of using a harmless kitchen clock for a burglar alarm? But say, girlie, what would you have done next, if I had really been a burglar?"

"Oh," laughed Betty, hysterically. "I reckon the next move would have been to throw the clock at you. And, Bob Weston, if you ever set that alarm again I'll leave you!"

All Seasons Beautiful

The question, "Which is the happiest season of life," being referred to an aged man, he replied: "When spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, how beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, how beautiful is autumn! And when it is serene winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the stars shine."

REBELS MADE POOR SHOWING

Daniel Shays' Followers in 1784 Caused Massachusetts Government Little Real Trouble.

Shays' rebellion in Massachusetts in 1786-87, arose from a spirit of unrest and lawlessness then generally on the increase in the country, but more particularly for special reasons for dissatisfaction in Massachusetts. The time was one of financial depression. Five hundred or 600 marionettes banded under command of Daniel Shays. When the Court of General Sessions attempted to sit at Worcester, Shays filled the court room with an armed force, and no court could be held.

To cope with the insurgents Governor Bowdoin enlisted an army of 4,000 for 30 days. During an attack on the Springfield arsenal four of the rebels were killed. They retreated in much confusion, continuing their fight, with many desertions, from town to town. In the pursuit 150 were taken and the rest dispersed. The rebels continued to gather in small bands for many months, but no large force again appeared.

Clemency was shown to Shays and his followers, but he had escaped to Vermont, and lived there as a fugitive from justice even many months after he had been pardoned. Shays later obtained a pension for services in the Revolutionary war. There is testimony that he was a good soldier.

SUFFERING OF HIGH ORDER

Colored Man's Dream Horrible Enough to Bring Tears to the Eyes of the Most Callous.

Some passengers, waiting at a railway station for a belated train, were amused at the sight of a negro, employed on the freight platform, who had fallen asleep. One of the passengers hired another negro to place a bag of corn on the sleeper's knees, another bag on his stomach and a third on his head. As this weight did not wake him, a second bag was laid on his stomach.

For about three minutes he continued to snore. Then he grew uneasy, began to mutter, and at the end of five minutes threw the sacks off and sat up and looked about in a dazed way.

"Anything wrong, Sam?" asked the driver.

"Lawdy, but I's had the worstest dream dat I ever dreamt. It's all in cold blood."

"What was it?"

"Dream dat I had steb a sore throat I couldn't swallow, an' de ole woman brought home two chickens, some yams an' a possum, an' done cooked de whole shebang, me settin' right dere an' not able to open my mouth Lawdy, but didn't I suffer when I saw de las' of dem chickens gwine down her ole throat."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Story of Parts

A city man, driving his automobile along a little-used country road, heard something rattle beneath his car, stopped, looked back and saw a bright metal object lying in the road a short distance behind. It was a plowpoint, evidently lost by some farmer.

It was fully half an hour before the next car came along, and its occupant, seeing the first man flat on his back under his vehicle by the roadside, stopped and asked what the trouble was.

The city man emerged and held up the plowpoint.

"This blounting thing dropped off my car," he said, "and I've been hunting for half an hour to find out where it belongs.—Everybody's Magazine.

Fish Encased in Heavy Armor

Encased in a tin box of armor which covers its entire body only eyes, mouth fins and tail protruding, the trunkfish of the tropical seas is a slowly-moving creature. So heavy and thick is this armor that one has to give a fairly heavy blow with a hammer to crack it. The armor is made of many six-sided bony plates, and is a beautiful thing in itself, as well as a useful cover for its wearer.

One species of trunkfish has two long horns reaching out over the eyes. It is often called a cowfish, because of these horns his head so much resembles that of a cow.

Too Deep for Him

Little Paul was turning the leaves of a new picture book which had been given to him. He came to two leaves which were uncut. He tried to turn the page, found that he could not, lifted up the corner of the page and peeped under, and stopped to ponder the situation.

"Mamma," he called. "Mamma, come here a minute."

"What is it, dearie?" mamma asked. "Look here at my book," Paul pointed, showing his mother how the leaves were stuck together. "Mamma, how on earth did they ever get the pictures put in there?"

Scientific Explanation Called For

If there be, as some suppose, a sixth sense, by which animals, birds and insects know in which direction to move toward a given spot, how many strange things it explains! A scientist once hatched some Japanese silkworms in Chicago. He confined a female moth in a small cage; he carried a male of the family by night to another part of the city, a mile and a half away, and liberated it, having first attached a silk thread to its abdomen. In the morning the male moth was hovering around the cage of his imprisoned sister.

SAFETY

One Hundred and Forty-Sixth Semi-Annual Statement of the

Monroe County Savings Bank

January 1st, 1923

Financial statement table showing assets, liabilities, and resources. Total Resources: \$3,305,188.88

OFFICERS: RUFUS K. DRYER, President; EDWARD BAUSCH, Vice-President; GEORGE D. WHEDON, Secretary and Treasurer; H. WILBUR WILCOX, Cashier

TRUSTEES: RUFUS K. DRYER, WILLIAM B. LEE, P. V. CRITTENDEN, EDWARD BAUSCH, JOSEPH MICHAELS, MARTIN F. BRISTOL, WILLIAM C. BARRY, WILLIAM V. HAMILTON, WILLIAM A. HUBBARD, JR., W. OSBORNE ASHLEY, CHARLES F. WRAY, JEREMIAH G. HICKEY, J. ALLEN FARLEY, MARTIN B. HOYT, GEORGE D. WHEDON

4 1/2 Interest Dividends declared December 1, 1922

Monroe County Savings Bank, 35 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. STRENGTH SECURITY

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Dennis J. Carran, who entered into rest Dec. 24, 1922.

The day is done, the golden sun, Sank slowly in the west, And his rays, raised to bless us, Are faded now in rest.

For him who spent his Priestly life, As Pastor, Teacher, Friend, For him who rendered faithful service, Unto the very end.

No storm too fierce to challenge, No chains too great to span, Success was his because He had faith in God and Man.

He guarded his flock with a zealous care, His life was no idle dream, Gathered fair flocks down the stream, A fearless captain at the helm.

He scanned life's sidra sweep; shore And wearied not until souls were claimed Here safe in the fold once more, Too swift his years have passed away.

Today we feel our loss, By word and deed he proved himself A true soldier of the cross, With saddened hearts we said farewell.

As we knelt beside his bier, He is numbered now with Gods elect, But we feel his presence near.

Because we knew him the star of faith Glimmers brighter than before, And to loved ones gone will light the way.

Until we meet to part no more. —M. C. W.

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